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THE  
HOUSE OF FALLING LEAVES

*In Memoriam Frederic Lawrence Knowles*  
*obit Sept. 19, 1905*

Books by Mr. Braithwaite

The House of Falling Leaves

Lyrics of Life and Love

The Book of Elizabethan Verse

The Book of Georgian Verse

*In Press for 1908*

William Dean Howells: A Study and  
Appreciation

# THE HOUSE OF FALLING LEAVES

## With Other Poems

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

Author of "Lyrics of Life and Love"

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*To the Memory of*  
**FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES**



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## CONTENTS

PAGE

THE HOUSE OF FALLING LEAVES . . . . .	13
MY THOUGHTS GO MARCHING LIKE AN ARMED HOST . . . . .	17
MATER TRIUMPHALIS . . . . .	18
MESSENGERS OF DREAMS . . . . .	21
A WHITE ROAD . . . . .	22
TO ARTHUR UPSON . . . . .	23
ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH . . . . .	25
GOLDEN MOONRISE . . . . .	27
MADAME OF DREAMS . . . . .	28
TO FIONA . . . . .	30
TO FIONA . . . . .	31
OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST . . . . .	33
OCTOBER XXIX, 1795 . . . . .	40
SONG OF A SYRIAN LACE SELLER . . . . .	41
NYMPHOLEPSY . . . . .	43
TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI . . . . .	45
APRILIAN Rhapsody . . . . .	47
A SONG OF LIVING . . . . .	48

	PAGE
AVE AND VALE . . . . .	51
HOC ERAT IN VOTIS . . . . .	52
IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN . . . . .	54
RAIN IN SUMMER . . . . .	55
THE ETERNAL SELF . . . . .	56
THE HOUSE OF DEATH . . . . .	58
AT NEWPORT . . . . .	59
SIC VITA . . . . .	61
A SONG OF THE SIXTH MONTH . . . . .	62
FROM THE CROWD . . . . .	63
LOVE LEADS HOME . . . . .	64
THE FULL HOPE . . . . .	65
A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE FAREWELL . . . . .	66
To BEAUTY . . . . .	68
SONG: TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW . . . . .	70
LATE AUGUST . . . . .	72
MALAGUEÑA . . . . .	73
SONG: As a NEW-MADE BRIDE . . . . .	75
UNDER THE STARS . . . . .	76
TEARS . . . . .	78
SONG . . . . .	79
A VISIT TO OAK LODGE . . . . .	80
SONG: THE TRAIL OF STARS . . . . .	81
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON . . . . .	82
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS . . . . .	83
THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK OF DREAMS . . . . .	85
THE FIRST BORN . . . . .	86

	PAGE
LA BELLE DE DEMERARA . . . . .	87
THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN . . . . .	89
GOLDEN HAIR . . . . .	90
GRAY DAWN . . . . .	91
IN THE ATHENAEUM . . . . .	92
AS SILENT THROUGH THE WORLD SHE GOES . . . . .	94
ENIGMAS . . . . .	95
SIR WALTER RALEIGH . . . . .	96
ON BLAKE'S "SONGS OF INNOCENCE" . . . . .	97
THE BOOK OF LOVE . . . . .	98
To LAURENCE HOPE . . . . .	99
THIS IS MY LIFE . . . . .	101
KINGDOMS AND HEIRS . . . . .	102
To ROY ROLFE GILSON . . . . .	103
WHITE MAGIC: AN ODE . . . . .	104
ON REVISITING NEWPORT BEACH . . . . .	108
OFF SHORE . . . . .	109
L'ENVOI . . . . .	III



# THE HOUSE OF FALLING LEAVES

## I

OFF our New England coast the sea to-night  
Is moaning the full sorrow of its heart:  
There is no will to comfort it apart  
Since moon and stars are hidden from its sight.  
And out beyond the furthest harbor-light  
There runs a tide that marks not any chart  
Wherewith man knows the ending and the start  
Of that long voyage in the infinite.

If change and fate and hapless circumstance  
May baffle and perplex the moaning sea,  
And day and night in alternate advance  
Still hold the primal Reasoning in fee,  
Cannot my Grief be strong enough to chance  
My voice across the tide I cannot see?

## II

We go from house to house, from town to town,  
And fill the distance full of smiles and words;  
We take all pleasure that our strength affords  
And care not if the sun be up or down.  
The way of it no man has ever known —  
But suddenly there is a snap of chords  
Within the heart that sounds like hollow boards, —  
We question every shadow that is thrown.

O to be near when the last word is said!  
And see the last reflection in the eye —  
For when the word is brought our friend is dead,  
How bitter is the tear that will not dry,  
Because so far away our steps are led  
When Love should draw us close to say Good-bye!

### III

Four seasons are there to the circling year:  
Four houses where the dreams of men abide —  
The stark and naked Winter without pride,  
The Spring like a young maiden soft and fair;  
The Summer like a bride about to bear  
The issue of the love she deified;  
And lastly, Autumn, on the turning tide  
That ebbs the voice of nature to its bier.

Four houses with two spacious chambers each,  
Named Birth and Death, wherein Time joys and  
grieves.

Is there no Fate so wise enough to teach  
Into which door Life enters and retrieves?  
What matter since his voice is out of reach,  
And Sorrow fills My House of Falling Leaves!

## IV

The House of Falling Leaves we entered in—  
He and I—we entered in and found it fair;  
At midnight some one called him up the stair,  
And closed him in the Room I could not win.  
Now must I go alone out in the din  
Of hurrying days: for forth he cannot fare;  
I must go on with Time, and leave him there  
In Autumn's house where dreams will soon grow  
thin.

When Time shall close the door unto the house  
And opens that of Winter's soon to be,  
And dreams go moving through the ruined  
boughs—

He who went in comes out a Memory.  
From his deep sleep no sound may e'er arouse,—  
The moaning rain, nor wind-embattled sea.

## MY THOUGHTS GO MARCHING LIKE AN ARMÈD HOST

MY thoughts go marching like an armèd host  
Out of the city of silence, guns and cars;  
Troop after troop across my dreams they post  
To the invasion of the winds and stars.

O brave array of youth's untamed desire!

With thy bold, dauntless captain Hope to lead  
His raw recruits to Fate's opposing fire,  
And up the walls of Circumstance to bleed.  
How fares the expedition in the end?

When this, my heart, shall have old age for king  
And to the wars no further troop can send,  
What final message will the arm'stice bring?  
The host gone forth in youth the world to meet,  
In age returns — in victory or defeat?

## MATER TRIUMPHALIS

*To Louise Imogen Guiney*

FORESEEN in Eve's desire,  
Foreborne in Adam's bliss,  
The whim of a dream on fire  
Has brought the world to this:  
Foregone was the break of order,  
Ere the Will was disobeyed  
And the Angel at Eden's border  
Stood with a flaming blade.

This was at the beginning —  
What shall it be at the end!  
For the first child borne in sinning  
Will God or Nature befriend?  
Eve's desire is yet burning  
Fair women in country and town,  
And Adam's bliss is turning  
Empires and kingdoms down.

Is this the worth of a story,  
Is this the dream of a song —  
A fabled blare of glory,  
This battle of right and wrong?  
O sweet, fair body of woman,  
O strong, brave will of man —  
Co-equal in the human,  
Unequal in the plan!

The deeds of warriors vanish,  
The words of martyrs die,  
But never the heart can banish  
The drift of Helen's sigh.  
Jerusalem is forsaken,  
Gomorrah is a lure —  
Eve, once from her sleep awaken,  
And Adam's kiss is sure.

But God is yet the Master,  
The dramatist of the play;  
If He wove an act of disaster,  
He wove an act to allay.  
Deep in the dream's forebeing  
The Artist was greater than life  
Who smiled at His own foreseeing  
The Virgin mother and wife.

## MESSENGERS OF DREAMS

MY heart can tell them, every one,  
The messengers of dreams that run  
Above the tree-tops in the sun.

Whether of great or little worth  
They carry the heart's desires forth  
East and west and south and north.

I know the night will close them in—  
And they will meet the tempest's din—  
Ere they come to that far-off inn.

The inn that stands on the bourne of hope,  
Where Fear and Delight together cope  
For victory on a little slope.

My heart can tell them, every one,  
The returning messengers that run  
Above the tree-tops in the sun.

## A WHITE ROAD

A WHITE road between sea and land,  
Night and silence on either hand —  
Pointing to some unknown gate  
A white forefinger of fate.

I follow, I follow — I'll wend  
My way on this road to the end;  
Silence may keep to the sea,  
On land no light shines free.

Bend low impenetrable sky —  
Through your shades my road runs high:  
It needs no stars to guide —  
No measuring sea-tide.

I breathe the imperishable breath,  
I trespass the bounds of death —  
For my heart knows all the way  
To the eternal day.

## TO ARTHUR UPSON

HOW placidly this silent river rolls  
Under the midnight stars before our feet,  
While we chaunt music of dead poets' souls  
The treasury of Time has made so sweet.  
This is my Charles, O Friend! the loving nurse  
Of a boy's heart who dreamed life would be worse  
Than death, if he gave not in future years  
Some few more songs to those this river bears..  
Ah, here we sit, the boy's heart grown to man's—  
Westward from Cambridge, hid among the hills,  
Breaks forth its source no wider than your  
hands;—  
How like our own experience it fills  
Here at this point its widening banks, as we  
Grow out to fill our duties, to the sea!

Here all the night is on us with its stars;  
The pregnant silence tapers to a sound;  
The river's crossed with pulsing silver bars  
The distant lights reflect; upon this mound  
We sit through this eternal hour of time  
And read the book our souls have writ in rhyme:  
    Youth's golden chapters done in poetry—  
    But where this river here runs on to sea  
By muddy flats, stone walls, and wharves that  
close  
    The glad impulsive welcome of its home,  
So henceforth shall Time write our acts in prose;  
    Yea, and when God adds *Finis* to the tome,  
This Dedicatory night our souls will blend,  
To show, though life, true Friendship cannot  
end.

# ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(*March 19, 1907*)

## I

WHAT sudden bird will bring us any cheer  
Whose song in the chill dawn gives hope  
of Spring;

Can we be glad to give it welcoming  
Though April in its music be so near?  
Not while the burden of our memories bear  
The weight of silence that we know will cling  
About the lips that nevermore will sing  
The heart of him with visions voiced so clear.

There is a pause in meeting before speech  
Between men who have fed their souls with song;  
The strangeness of an echo beyond reach  
Cleaves silence deep for speech to pass along.  
There are no words to tell the loss, but each  
Of our hearts feels the sorrow deep and strong.

## II

The Wondersmith in vocables is dead!  
The Builder of the palaces of rhyme  
Shall build no more his music out of Time.  
In the deep, breathless peace to which he fled  
He sits with Landor's hands upon his head  
Watching our suns and stars that sink and climb  
Between him and our tears' continuous chime —  
Sorrowing for his presence vanishèd.

Aldrich is dead! but the glory of his life  
Is in his song, and this will keep his name  
Safe above change and the assaults of strife.  
Poet, whose artistry, his constant aim  
Kept true above defections that were rife,  
Death taking him, still leaves his deathless fame.

*March 20, 21, 1907.*

## GOLDEN MOONRISE

WHEN your eyes gaze seaward  
Piercing through the dim  
Slow descending nightfall,  
On the outer rim

Where the deep blue silence  
Touches sky and sea,  
Hast thou seen the golden  
Moon, rise silently ?

Seen the great battalions  
Of the stars grow pale —  
Melting in the magic  
Of her silver veil ?

I have seen the wonder,  
I have felt the balm  
Of the golden moonrise  
Turn to silver calm.

## MADAME OF DREAMS

*To John Russell Hayes*

I KNOW a household made of pure delight,  
That sits within a garden of quietness:  
A welcomed visitor by day or night,  
I win a refuge from life's storm and stress.  
Ah, here no footfalls cease and then resume,  
Nor sounds of closing doors nor creaking beams;  
And throned within her favorite gold room  
Amid the roses' perfume and the gloom,  
I greet my smiling hostess, Madame of Dreams.

I know not how I won so dear a friend,  
I know not of her family or her race;  
Her voice is a sweet music without end  
Unfolding the wistful beauty of her face.  
She has known all the world's great tragedies —  
Was at the ruins of Troy and Actium;  
And her deep heart holds many memories  
That are the ghosts of countless aching sighs  
Dead lovers uttered ere their lips grew dumb.

She seems so old from her experience —  
With Egypt's queen she sailed along the Nile —  
She heard Demosthenes' great eloquence —  
Saw Camelot melt 'neath Arthur's golden smile.  
But Time has dealt with her as with the sea,  
Whereon it leaves not any scars nor seams;  
And like a bud that breaks at last to be  
A faultless rose June's dews and suns decree —  
Beauty and Youth have crowned Madame of  
Dreams.

## TO FIONA

DEAR little child, whose very speech  
Gives me joy beyond my heart's measure,  
However far my years may reach,  
Life can offer no greater treasure.

Loveliest flower in my garden of dreams!  
Mine have been sweet like fairy stories—  
But of all that have come true, it seems  
Your babyhood brought the greatest glories.

All my life long I have tried to make  
Dreams in a perfect song go winging;  
I knew the wonder when you spake,  
And your life went a lyric singing.

## TO FIONA

*Nineteen Months Old*

NOW my songs shall grow  
Sweeter, year by year,  
Just because I know  
You shall read them, dear,

When your little hands,  
And your little eyes,  
Babyhood expands  
Into grown-up wise.

You will ask me then,  
Reading what I write  
Of my youth and then  
Song of you took flight.

Darling, I shall say —  
Just because I knew  
In some future day  
You would hold them true:

*“ Father wrote these songs  
When I was a child;  
Now to me belongs  
All his dreams exiled.*

*“ Mine is all the joy,  
Mine are all the tears  
In the heart of boy  
And the man of years.”*

This, my little one,  
Is what you will say,  
When my songs are done,  
And my hair is grey.

But my songs I know,  
Sweeter, year by year,  
From my heart will flow  
For your soul to hear —

When your little hands,  
And your little eyes,  
Babyhood expands  
Into grown-up wise.

## OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST

*To John Daniel*

THE earth is our Mother, but thou, thou art  
Father of us and of Time,  
For all things now were not, when thou wast  
strong in thy prime.

There was silence first and then darkness, and  
under the garment of these  
Was the body of thee in thy might with its infinite  
mysteries.

And God alone was aware of thy presence and  
power and form:

And out of His knowledge foresaw His will in  
thy calm and storm;

Answering unto His will he gave thee lordship  
and crown,

And bade the kingdoms of man to worship thee  
and bow down.

For earth He made out of dust for change and  
defeat in the blast —

But thee He made eternal, through æons and  
æons to last

Unmarked by sun or wind, supreme where thy  
waves are tost —

Not an inch of thy Beauty to perish, nor an  
ounce of thy Might to be lost.

## II

Between the morning-star and the sea  
The black night hangs disconsolately;  
Winds from the gates of the east arise  
And crack the silence to the skies  
Through which the long grey dawn can flee  
Between the morning-star and the sea.

Between closed eyelids and the sea  
An echo floats continuously;  
The spirit wavers ere 'tis won,  
As the east pauses ere the sun  
Lights the whole world up, radiantly,  
Between closed eyelids and the sea.

Between the sunlight and the sea  
Time hoists her sails, pulls anchor free;  
The ship of Life moves on its keel —  
Humanity commands the wheel  
And steers for one more Hope to be  
Between the sunlight and the sea.

### III

The night being done  
And the day begun  
With the reappearance of the lordly sun,  
To labor and cope  
The earth gives scope,  
And to every man the strength of hope.

With each new morn  
There is reborn  
Some effort which yesterday left forlorn;  
For a little rest,  
And a will to test,  
Is the road that runs from worst to best.

No man is poor  
Who can endure  
The will to forget what is past and sure,  
Of the change and fate  
That participate  
In defeats that passed him through last night's  
gate:

Instead he is rich,  
Who can forward pitch  
His breast to the front of To-day — to which  
The recompense  
Must yield defence,  
And Time surrender the consequence.

## IV

Over the world hangs the splendor of noonday,  
The winds fold their echoes away in the offing;  
Up the long coast comes a murmur of laughing  
Where the little foam-waves and the sand-dunes  
play.

Here far away from man's hating and scoffing,  
Time leads the sun home to the house of his  
dreams.

This is the way of the world in a vision —  
Hope that's alluring, and desires that follow:  
Tears that are eloquent, laughter that's hollow:  
Beauty forever pursuing her mission. —  
But I care not for these, — when the seas call  
low  
Time leads the sun home to the house of his  
dreams.

Greyness of dawn cannot dull the noon's brightness,  
Shadows of even cannot mask it and darken;

Men of the world may pass through it, nor  
hearken

Beat of its pulses that make the stars sightless.

Triumphing out of the pause that is flightless  
Time leads the sun home to the house of his  
dreams.

This is the joy of man's heart in its dreaming:

The midmost heaven of all his desire —

Farther than noon lo ! the sun mounts no higher,  
And Love in man's life is his noon-sun a-beaming.

Clouds full of silence, and sky full of fire,  
Time leads the sun home to the house of his  
dreams.

OCTOBER XXIX, 1795

*Keats' Birthday*

TIME sitting on the throne of Memory  
Bade all her subject Days, the past had  
known,

Arise and say what thing gave them renown  
Unforgetable. ‘Rising from the sea,  
I gave the Genoese his dream to be;’  
‘I saw the Corsican’s Guards swept down;’  
‘Colonies I made free from a tyrant’s crown;’ —  
So each Day told its immortality.

And with these blazing triumphs spoke one voice  
Whose wistful speech no vaunting did employ:  
‘I know not if ’twere by Fate’s chance or choice  
I hold the lowly birth of an English boy;  
I only know he made man’s heart rejoice  
Because he played with Beauty for a toy.’

## SONG OF A SYRIAN LACE SELLER

*To Edward F. Burns*

ON the sidewalk by the busy flow  
Of peoples passing to and fro—  
Where the wan winter sunlight falls  
Across the grey gates of St. Paul's,  
A woman of an alien race  
Stands with a tray of fancy lace.

Swarthy of skin with raven hair,  
A daughter of the Orient there,  
Wearing her native costume yet  
Of woven shawl and long head net—  
And the long Syrian sunrise  
Looking out from her curtained eyes.

The curious, intricate designs  
Of every lace in faultless lines  
Of ancient symbols she has made,  
Turning her country's lore to trade:  
The Orient's mystic sorcery,  
In this far land across the sea.

Out of the Common sharp and fleet  
The cold winds blow across the street;  
And their shrill voices seem to say:  
Symbols and dreams have passed away —  
And our wise western world decries  
All their lost hidden mysteries.

## NYMPHOLEPSY

*To Burton Kline*

THE slanting gleam upon the wing  
Of a swift-darting lark that flies;  
A sudden shadow lengthening  
Up the hill-side till it dies  
Melted by the burning sun;  
A star that shoots across the night,  
The dews dissolving on the rose —  
Ah, to see perfection won,  
Beauty unfolded to the sight, —  
And lose it, — lose it, when it goes.

I know that half our hopes are vain, —  
Our finite ears pretend to catch  
Beyond the stars a spherical strain;  
Our Sentinel-souls forever watch  
For that dim Spy they never stop;  
We make our bodies clean and pure,  
We fill our minds with lore and creed, —  
Yet long before the curtains drop  
The tired flesh cannot endure —  
And much of knowledge do we need.

Out of the twofold heavenly plan,  
The mystical, creative will  
Wrought forth the fine achievement Man —  
Perfect, and yet imperfect still;  
The dust beaten into shape  
Is flesh artistic, hue and line —  
Splendid, superb Masterpiece;  
And closed therein from escape  
As the sap within the vine,  
The Soul that gives the dust increase.

Now which one shall I strive to turn  
To life's best usage while I stay  
Where suns and winds may touch and burn  
Flesh — and faith and creed o'erlay  
The soul? Must they be separate  
In a world that nourishes both  
To perfection's destined end?  
Must my soul carry a dead weight  
And stunt my flesh's imperial growth,  
And thwart the *Inspiration's* trend?

## TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

GREETINGS, Master, take from me  
Where thou art, beyond, above  
Imminent touch of earth and sea.

May thy spirit there approve  
This oblation of my love

Unto thee,  
Sent from where I be and move.

How can death divide and keep —  
Though it conquers sight and sound —  
Silences so wide and deep

Neither Life nor Death can bound ?  
In a circle winding round

Wake and sleep,  
Souls that search and sweep are found.

I salute thee, and rejoice,  
Master, whom our hearts now own  
Thine, as the one faultless voice  
In the praise of Beauty blown  
Since Keats' lips were turned to stone,  
Ears from noise  
Of a world whose choice is known.

Unto Beauty thou didst wed  
Music, pure and absolute,  
Till men's hearts agreed and said  
Thou didst master Shelley's lute —  
Time no longer can dispute,  
Laurelled head,  
Thy long memoried repute.

Subtle shapen melodies,  
Thou, my Master, bidst arise,  
Colored as the autumn trees,  
Tremulous with sudden sighs,  
How God's magic underlies  
Earth and seas  
Secret sounds like these comprise.

## APRILIAN RHAPSODY

STRAIGHT in the heart of the April meadows,  
Straight in the dream in the heart of you;  
Deep in the glory of gleams and shadows,  
Flame and gossamer, green and blue —

Out of the nowhere east from yonder,  
Out of the presences felt and seen,  
Filled with the first unremember'd wonder,  
Radiant with the memory of last year's green —

Straight in the heart of the April meadows,  
Straight in the dream in the heart of you —  
*Spring* — in the glory of gleams and shadows,  
Flame and gossamer, green and blue !

## A SONG OF LIVING

*To Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland*

IT is so good to be alive:  
To have deep dreams: to greatly strive  
Through the day's work: to dance and sing  
Between the times of sorrowing —  
To have a clear faith in the end  
That death is life's best, trustful friend.

To be alive: to hear and see  
This wonderful, strange pageantry  
Of earth, in which each hour's session  
Brings forth a new unknown procession  
Of joys: stars, flowers, seas and grass  
In ever new guise before me pass.

To have deep dreams: ah me, ah me!  
To bring far things close by to see;  
To have my voyaging soul explore  
Beyond my body's ponderous door.  
To make my love from a thousand graces,  
Seen in a thousand women's faces.

To greatly strive: perform my share  
Of work: for the world grows more fair  
To him who measures Time and Fate  
By what his laboring days create —  
For work is the voice that lifts to God  
The adoration of the sod.

To dance and sing: my body's praise  
For being fair in many ways.  
It hath no other voice than this  
To thank God for a moment's bliss —  
When art and heaven together trust  
Joy to the perfection of the dust.

Times of sorrowing: yea, to weep:  
To wash my soul with tears, and keep  
It clean from earth's too constant gain,  
Even as a flower needs the rain  
To cool the passion of the sun,  
And takes a fresh new glory on.

To have clear faith:—through good or ill  
We but perform some conscious will  
Higher than man's. The world at best  
In all things doth but manifest  
That God has set his eternal seal  
Upon the unsubstantial real.

## AVE AND VALE

O H far away across the beach  
The mist is in the sunset,  
And dreams lie low  
In the silence of the foam;  
Beyond the dim horizon  
Where the creeping darkness pauses  
I hear the grey winds calling  
And they lead desire home.  
*O Ave to the evening star,  
And Vale to the setting sun;  
And a deep, deep sea across the bar  
Where the grey winds call and run.*

Oh far across the hope of speech  
A doubt is on desire,  
And Love lies low  
In the pauses of my heart;  
My speech and silence hovers  
On the verge of phantom futures,  
While I watch the morrows dawning  
And the yesterdays depart.

*O Ave to the evening star,  
And Vale to the setting sun;  
And a deep, deep sea across the bar  
Where the grey winds call and run.*

## HOC ERAT IN VOTIS

I'LL leap to your desire  
With a flight more swift than light,  
Though your soul should be a fire,  
And mine, a moth in the night.

I'll leap to your desire  
As the lark does to the sun,  
Though it can fly no higher  
Than the topmost clouds may run.

I'll leap to your desire —  
And I pray God night and day,  
To set your soul on fire  
And burn my dreams away.

## IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

*August, 1904*

THE illuminated fountain flashed in the pond,  
It was purple, and green, and white,—  
You and I in the crowd, and beyond,  
The shining stars and night.

Beyond were the shining stars and the night,—  
And near was the fountain at play.  
— But ah, the dreams that have taken flight,  
And never come home to stay.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

THE afternoon grew darkening from the west;  
A hush fell on the air, and in the trees;  
The huddled birds pronounced their prophecies;  
The flowers bent their heads as if to rest  
Now that the tide of the sun's golden seas  
In one long wave swept off the earth's wide breast.  
Up sprung deft shadowy patterns by degrees,  
And nature's face her soul made manifest.

Lo, in the instant, slant, like a hanging string  
Of silver glass beads, pendant from the clouds  
The rain descends! Leaves sing, and wavering  
The tall lithe grasses dance in separate crowds.  
I stand and let my soul commune, it knows  
The mystery that calls it from its close.

## THE ETERNAL SELF

*To Vere Goldthwaite*

THIS earth is but a semblance and a form —  
An apparition poised in boundless space;  
This life we live so sensible and warm,  
Is but a dreaming in a sleep that stays  
About us from the cradle to the grave.  
Things seen are as inconstant as a wave  
That must obey the impulse of the wind;  
So in this strange communicable being  
There is a higher consciousness confined —  
But separate and divine, and foreseeing.

Our bodies are but garments made of clay  
That is a smothering weight upon the soul —  
But as the sun, conquering a cloudy day,  
Our spirits penetrate to Source and Goal.  
That intimate and hidden quickening  
Bestowing sense and color with the Spring,  
Is felt and known and seen in the design  
By unsubstantial Self within the portal  
Of this household of flesh, that doth confine  
Part of the universally immortal.

Beyond the prison of our hopes and fears,  
Beyond the undertow of passion's sea —  
And stronger than the strength earth holds in  
    years,

Lives man's subconscious personality.

O world withheld! seen through the hazy drift  
Of this twilight of flesh, when sleep shall lift  
I shall go forth my own true self at last,  
And glory in the triumph of my winning  
The road that joins the Future and the Past,  
Where I can reach the Ending and Beginning!

## THE HOUSE OF DEATH

O, a house untenanted  
Stands beside the road of Time;  
They who lived there once, have fled  
To some other house and clime.

Towers pointing to the sky  
With long shadows on the ground,  
Never shade a passerby,  
Never echo back a sound.

## AT NEWPORT

### *Sunrise: Bateman's Point*

HERE'S the land's end, just discerned  
By the sheer fall, where the sea below  
Runs less wild since the tide has turned,  
And daybreak lingers weird and low.

Between the dawn and hovering night,  
On the grey sea-roof of the earth,  
A crimson circle lifts in sight  
And Time gives day eternal birth.

*Sunset: On the Beach*

I hear across the murmuring sea  
The sunset cannon's sullen boom,  
Whose distant dying echoes flee  
Before the silence of the gloom.

The long pale shadows creep along  
The dunes and over the water's verge;  
A dusky sea-mist rises up  
Above whose veil the ships emerge.

I know full soon the night will come,  
And one shall find me waiting near:  
Our hands will touch, our lips grow dumb,  
And dreams steal on us unaware.

## SIC VITA

HEART free, hand free,  
Blue above, brown under,  
All the world to me  
Is a place of wonder.  
Sun shine, moon shine,  
Stars, and winds a-blowing,  
All into this heart of mine  
Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,  
Days to follow after,  
Joys of life sold to me  
For the price of laughter.  
Girl's love, man's love,  
Love of work and duty,  
Just a will of God's to prove  
Beauty, beauty, beauty!

## A SONG OF THE SIXTH MONTH

**G**LAD, mad, and a bit sad too—  
Face o' the rose in the eye of the sun;  
God has dreamed and his work is done—  
June's on the world, heigh-ho!

See how the greenish shadow raises  
Patterns on the sun's flood of golden blazes  
Round a pink, slim girl knee-deep in daisies.

What is this slow full sense of Time!  
This great armada of chirp and song,  
That are as a host of sails that throng  
Across June's tidal sea of rhyme.

Buttercups and daisies, sing low, sing high—  
Age is a fable, death is a lie—  
And June's too good to tell us why!

## FROM THE CROWD

I WAS captive to a dream—  
And only vague forms went by;  
And the tumult was the sigh  
Of the sea at the end of a stream.

The clangor of cars in the street,  
Darkness and clouds overhead,  
And out of the lights that spread  
The crowds that part and meet.

As the foam of a wave will mark  
The night with a shining track,  
A girl's pale face turned back  
Crossing the street in the dark.

It was only a second's glance,  
But my soul leaped out to her:  
I felt my shaken memories stir  
The dreams of an ancient trance.

## LOVE LEADS HOME

NOW that all the twilight glimmers through  
the lane,  
As of old, wandering, dreaming let us go;  
Living so, tenderly, youth and love again,  
Bringing back the past, dear, known unto us  
twain —  
Tasting the happiness that we used to know.

Youth went from us long ago, fading like the  
foam  
That a ship passing leaves trailing on the sea;  
Seemingly youth may die, hopes may stray and  
roam:  
Faithful hearts kept true and young will Love  
lead home —  
Home to his first dwelling-place in the heart of  
thee.

## THE FULL HOPE

LORD of my life before whose will I yield  
Lo! I withdraw the barriers of my pride;  
Let my heart swell a windless evening tide  
Till all the marshland of my past's concealed;  
Let stillness in my ecstasy be sealed  
Deep as the swelling sea is deep and wide;  
Lord of my life, where all my dreams abide,  
Take me into thy dwelling who am healed.

Ah, Love! we shall dwell here for ever more —  
In this great dwelling of our Hope fulfilled;  
Ever the past behind us, and before  
The golden future. What the gods have willed  
Of good or bad to enter at the door,  
We shall dwell here until our hearts are stilled.

## A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE FAREWELL

*“A little while before farewell.”—WILLIAM MORRIS*

**A** LITTLE while before farewell  
What shall time say our lives befel  
Between the summons and the hour?  
Shall it be like a red rose-flower  
Whose perfume is remembered bliss:  
While thus in silence our souls kiss,  
With no sad words to break the spell!

With no sad words to break the spell  
A little while before farewell!  
Only the longing in your eyes  
To comfort me in Paradise.  
And there behind the silences  
I know the world's forgetfulness  
Can change not, eyes that speak so well.

Can change not, eyes that speak so well  
Where my love lives imperishable.  
And passionate words can say no more:  
Nor tears show grief is oversore:  
But just your sad eyes — O how strange  
The loneliness! the sudden change!  
A little while before farewell!

A little while before farewell:  
How quick Time runs to strike the knell.  
When the dim curtain covering me  
Comes down from great Eternity —  
O then, my love, let there be heard  
One never-ending sigh and word —  
The low-breathed, whispered, long farewell!

## TO BEAUTY

O MISTRESS of the world! Heaven's own  
dear child!

Priestess of Joy, and things that holy are;  
Under thy smile men's hearts are reconciled,  
And after thy light, they follow, as a star  
Follows the moon across the tide  
A constant wooer at its side.  
And I will follow, follow thee so far  
Across the tide of life, and will adore  
And worship thee in visions evermore.

O Maiden of shy innocence I say  
Thou art too fair to live in widowhood;  
Since Keats, thy lover, sleeps in Roman clay,  
For thee to be forsaken were not good.  
I fain would be thy wooer,  
Thou canst not find one truer,  
For I will love thee in whatever mood  
Thy sensitive and most delicate soul  
Doth on my spirit work its sweet control.

And it shall nevermore be truly said  
The glory of the world hath passed away;  
Ah, no! the heart of dreams shall raise its head  
And Poesy again will hold her sway.  
  
Oh, give me power to teach  
The wonder of thy speech,  
And give thy heavenly message to our day:  
For the barren hearts of men have need  
Of the humane influence of thy creed.

## SONG: TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

TO-DAY and to-morrow, and the days that  
come after,

Springtime and summer and two seasons more;  
The night full of tears and the day full of laughter,  
And dreams that come in and go out of the  
door.

O Time that is fleeting too fast for our capture,  
While the heart of our dreams beholds it pass  
by —

The yearning and burning, the desire and the  
rapture,  
Till we home to the earth and we home to the  
sky.

O harvest of dreams! when the sowing is over  
And fulfilment of growth gives over all plying —  
Ah, down the long sunset of life the heart-rover  
Turns twilight to weeping and darkness to  
sighing.

We gather the harvest of dreams and we store  
them

Deep down in our hearts for the hunger that  
craves

When springtime and summer, — the laughter  
that bore them,

Sails away like a ship that we watch on the  
waves.

## LATE AUGUST

CHANGE of heart in the dreams I bear —  
    Green leaf turns to brown;  
The second half of the month is here,  
    The days are closing down.

Love so swift to up and follow  
    The season's fugitive,  
If thou must, make rapture hollow,  
    But leave me dreams to live.

Change of heart! O season's end!  
    Time and tide and sorrow!  
I care not what the Fates may send,  
    Here's to ye, goodmorrow!

## MALAGUEÑA

*To Isabel Ward Carter*

I HAVE named you Malagueña,  
Malagueña, Malagueña —  
Though your eyes have never burned me,  
Nor your lips have spoke, and turned me  
    In a whirl of mad delight.  
But the many stars that whisper  
    In the night,  
And the vagrant winds that lisper  
    Through the day,  
In the music of my dreams have learned to play,  
    Malagueña, Malagueña !

All things name you, Malagueña,  
Malagueña, Malagueña —  
Birds that sing in rangeless rapture,  
And the glory that we capture  
    From the coronated rose:  
All the passion in the ocean's  
    Ebbs and flows;  
Ah, they fill me with emotions  
    Naught can tame,  
When I seek you in the shadow of a name,  
    Malagueña, Malagueña !

When I meet you, Malagueña,  
    Malagueña, Malagueña —  
Shall we stop and gaze in wonder?  
Nay, like winds that meet in thunder  
    We will close in tight embrace,  
And my kisses flash like lightning  
    On your face;  
Then our souls will feel the tightning  
    Each to each,  
Till remoulded into one they break in speech,  
    Malagueña, Malagueña !

## SONG: AS A NEW-MADE BRIDE

AS a new-made bride at the altar-stair,  
I have given my life for good or ill,  
To Song, my bridegroom: a mated pair  
The bride shall do the bridegroom's will.

And we'll keep house as never before  
Was household kept on the hill of dreams,  
Where Beauty will be a sign on the door  
From which Joy gleams.

## UNDER THE STARS

I TAKE my soul in my hand,  
I give it, a bounding ball  
(Over Love's sea and land),  
For you to toss and let fall  
At command.

Dear, as we sit here together —  
Silence and alternate speech,  
Dreams that are loose from the tether,  
Stars in an infinite reach  
Of dark ether:

Over and under and through  
Silence and stars and the dreams,  
How my emotions pursue,  
With a still passion that teems  
Full of you.

O what can the stars desire,  
And what can the night fulfil,  
Of a thousand thoughts on fire  
That burns on my soul's high hill  
Like a pyre.

Does the flame leap upward, where  
God feels — and heat makes human,  
Pity, in His heart — a snare  
To win worship for a woman  
Unaware ?

If He made all Time for this,  
O beloved, shall we not dare  
To crown His dream with a kiss,  
While each new-born star makes fair  
Night's abyss ?

## TEARS

I SAW the picture of your face woven in the  
rain;

All day long the rain fell,—fell into my soul;  
I knew your heart last night was like music full  
of pain,

And from your wistful eyes I saw the sad tears  
roll.

Oh, silent are the heavy clouds, and silent is the  
heart,

And silence clothes the dreams that hold the  
future years;

But musical are raindrops, and eyes that droop  
apart

To let the music of your soul come flowing through  
your tears.

## SONG

FAILURE is a crown of sorrow,  
Success a crown of fears —  
From the Book of Life we borrow  
Leaves to turn the years.

Art is but a joy divine,  
God says yea or nay —  
Love alone is worth the time,  
Live it as we may.

## A VISIT TO OAK-LODGE

*To Nixon Waterman*

THE Heights of Arlington were wrapped in  
snow;  
And over all the carmine sunset flush,  
Gave nature's face a woman's love-lit blush,  
As if her heart dreamed of the spring below;  
So high your house, dear friend, I seemed to  
grow  
Up to the evening star, where in the hush  
Of twilight, I did feel the pulses brush  
My soul, rising from the city that we know.

At last I reached your door — you welcomed me  
With your warm genial smile and close hand-  
shake,  
And gave me greetings to your company —  
Your friends, whom you made mine for friend-  
ship's sake.  
And there before your blazing logs did we  
Soon hear the voice of dreams upon us break.

## SONG: THE TRAIL OF STARS

WHEN mortals tread the trail of stars,  
High is the heart, O high:  
For all things else are of the earth,  
But Love is of the sky.

The trail they tread is a path of dreams,  
Where Love a-journeying goes  
To a garden beyond the gates of night  
Where blooms a flower Love knows.

## THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

*For His Eighty-third Birthday*

BENEATH the bare-boughed Cambridge elms  
to-day

Time takes no flight in his unwintered heart;  
Where fourscore years and three came to depart,  
The vision shines that cannot burn away.  
In perils of change his voice is still our stay,  
Who kept the true direction from the start.  
He knew no deed born from his thoughts apart—  
And held his pen Truth's summons to obey.

O reverend head, take this our crown of praise,  
On this, thy Birthday, hallowed by our love;  
A soldier's honor and a poet's bays;  
In public heed thy virtues held to prove—  
Though long, we wish thee longer, length of days,  
To lead us up the heights where we would move.

## WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

*For His Seventieth Birthday*

**S**EVENTY years! The magic of youth  
Wrought in the stern old age of Truth.  
Seventy years has Howells grown  
Through the infinite seen to the finite known.  
Shed in his wonder of things commonplace  
A mind of wisdom, a heart of grace;  
Building life on the faith he had  
That the world was neither too good nor bad.  
Years has he reached of the liberal span  
Vouchsafed the journey of mortal man:  
And keeping good trust of soul and heart  
The Master built him a palace of Art.

*“Open my heart and you shall see  
Grav’d inside of it, ‘Italy.’”*

Open his heart and read inside,  
*“America”* — writ with a passionate pride.  
And this one symbol of hope and strife  
Wove to his vision the magic of life.  
At the end of a journey of seventy years  
The painter who drew its joys and fears,  
Its shape of body, its essence of soul,  
The ways it travels to reach its goal —  
Stands to-day in the glories they shed,  
The laurel of greatness on his head.

*The Master at Seventy! He it is knows  
The way of perfection hid deep in a rose!*

## THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK OF DREAMS

HE calls them out with a musical shout  
From the folds that are lying nowhere;  
And up they climb to the meadows of Time  
Through the seasons of the slow year.  
With bleat, bleat, bleat, on the road they beat,  
On the great highways of vision,  
Where I hear them knock, the long white flock,  
With a rhythmical precision.

He follows them forth who values their worth  
For the clothing of man's desire;  
And he makes no claim for pelf or fame,  
For he's far too rich to aspire.  
His kingdom lies in the long sunrise  
Of life, where the nations arose,  
And he gathers his sheep from the fields of sleep  
Where the hopes of the world repose.

## THE FIRST BORN

MY little babe was two hours old!  
I came in from the wind and rain —  
The summons gave me joy and pain —  
More wonder than my heart could hold.

The winter afternoon was dim —  
A faint light shone across the bed;  
My wife with one dear arm outspread  
Was holding the little life of him.

There on the threshold where I stood  
I had no wish to speak or move:  
For there God's presence did approve  
This Mary of the Sisterhood.

## LA BELLE DE DEMERARA

HER face was a fair olive hue;  
Eyes like a tropic night when dew  
Makes the air heavy to the sea's rim;  
Figure like a willow, subtle, slim,  
That had the grace of a young queen;  
Hair, as the Empress Josephine  
Fashioned, when Paris bowed to her:  
— La belle de Demerara.

I see it all as in a dream:  
Georgetown's seawall, where the stream  
Of Quality flows; among them moves  
She, whom the city's pride approves,  
What beauty gave and virtue crowned  
When music charmed their lips to sound  
This name their hearts bestowed on her,  
— La belle de Demerara.

Sir Francis Hincks, at Government House  
On a gala night before her bows;  
Out from England on duty sent  
The Colonel of the regiment  
Glides with her in the stately dance;  
And in her soft vivacious glance  
Chief-Judge Beaumont bends to her:  
— La belle de Demerara.

O Poet who sang of Dorothy Q. ;  
I have a Great-Grandmother too,  
Born in a British colonial place,  
Sent to learn Parisian grace;  
Who won all hearts in her demesne  
By the Caribbean's warm blue sheen:  
And large is the debt I owe to her,  
— La belle de Demerara.

## THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN

A S one who hath been dreaming all night  
long —

Some blissful, sweet, but dim foreboding dream,  
Wherein the soul hath kissed some joy supreme  
But knows not whence nor whither, sight or  
song —

Mary awoke 'midst her lone chamber's throng  
Of chanting silences. Her soul did seem  
Aware — as earth is at the dawn's first gleam —  
Of strange primordial moods it gropes among.

With the day's full-blown rose of light she knew  
Her dreams had been her marriage-bed with God;  
Her soul now trembled in its nakedness  
Before the Bridegroom: while her heart lived  
through

The consecrating, tender period  
Till she should hold her Child with a caress.

## GOLDEN HAIR

ONCE I made a little poem out of golden hair,  
I put it in a dream and sent it to a rose;  
And in the early dawn when I walked the garden fair,  
I saw you, dear, before you went as every shadow goes.

O golden is the web o' the sun, golden is the sea,  
And golden is the rose's heart that makes the garden fair —  
All golden is the shadow that's in the heart of me,  
And golden is the buried dream shrouded in golden hair.

## GREY DAWN

THE grey dawn creeps on a shadowed sea,  
And the morning-star is a ghostly beam;  
And or ever the sun lifts silently —  
O Love! was it a dream?

I felt you come like the light at dawn,  
I opened my soul to envelop the gleam;  
Ah, the Memory stays, though the day is gone —  
O Love! was it a dream?

IN THE ATHENAEUM LOOKING  
OUT ON THE GRANARY BURY-  
ING GROUND ON A RAINY DAY  
IN NOVEMBER

HERE in this ancient, dusty room  
Filled with the rain-washed chill and gloom,  
The wistful books stand 'round in hosts —  
Familiar friends of forgotten ghosts  
Who sleep in their narrow beds below  
When daylight walks, and by them go  
The unremembering city throng.  
Here where dust and silence belong  
I feel their presence in each nook  
As if they too would stand and look  
With me, out where the motley city lies,  
With timid, unrecollecting eyes.

I feel the damp creep round my heart  
Because my thoughts have grown a part  
Of the infinite, ancient sense of pain  
Echoing voices in the rain.

How long its unassuaging cry  
Has filled man's memory with a sigh  
When wind and rain among bare trees  
Has made even joy feel ill at ease!  
Joy! — where that tortuous winding coil  
Of slaves to duty, sweat and toil —  
Does joy dwell there? this monotone  
Of rain is far more dumb of groan.

How old the world is — yet I think  
No man has yet had his full drink  
Of joy, while life flowed in his veins  
Or disillusion racked his brains.  
How like a picture shadow-bound  
That street is 'cross the burial ground!  
And from this room those forms out there  
Are not so real as ghosts in here.

## AS SILENT THROUGH THE WORLD SHE GOES

AS silent through the world she goes  
Companionsed by a withered rose,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem  
The heavy will of a ghostly dream:

Even so she knows not life from death,  
Nor words from music's golden breath;  
The wind's moan is the sea-moan's heart,  
And Love from Grief dwells not apart.

## ENIGMAS

THE joy of the world is in a man's strength,  
The sorrow of the world in a woman's tears;  
Beauty lives and dies in a second's length,  
And Time rolls on the years.

The battles of the world are in a man's dream,  
The altars of the world in a woman's eyes;  
Out of Eden follows one long far gleam  
Till the last slow sunset dies.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

HE heard the four winds and the seven seas,  
And voices inland under alien stars,  
And drove ambition like auroral cars  
Striking the hill-tops when the darkness flees.  
Vain in his dreams, but brave in his vanities;  
No carpet-knight yet versed in parlor wars;  
And half a rogue when honesty debars  
The desire to take the prize his fancy sees.

And yet he knew the silences of speech —  
The leaf-heard utterance of April rains;  
The echoes in the twilight out of reach  
Beyond the dim horizon where it wanes.  
And like the distant sea-wash on the beach  
He sang a few sad tender lyric strains.

## ON BLAKE'S "SONGS OF INNOCENCE "

IF thou hast ever heard on a May morn  
Within a leafy wood the wild birds sing,  
And felt thy soul take joy in marvelling  
How in such little creatures could be born  
That pure melodious concert of the dawn—  
Then thou dost know the ecstasies that wing  
From pulse and passion when a dewy thorn  
Is breaking from a rose-bud blossoming.

Such joy gave he, who sang the innocence  
Of childhood — Blake, who was more child than  
man

In that grave wonder of his reverence  
Unto which God revealed the visional plan  
Of His Eternal Life: — the evidence  
Smote him as Moses' rod — and music ran.

## THE BOOK OF LOVE

I HOLD the book of life in my hands  
When I hold your face, and press your lips  
To my lips in a kiss, and touch all lands  
In a thousand dreams that sail as ships,  
Out of my soul across your soul  
To the ends of the world you keep,  
Between each shadowy golden goal  
Of your eyes, where the kingdoms sleep.

Shall I ever read the history through,  
And learn the dates of wars and kings —  
How nations fell and rose and grew?  
Ah, life's too short for smaller things  
When your face is mine — the world itself,  
Of past and future and present in one;  
A book God wrote for my heart's own shelf,  
And bound in the bindery of the sun.

## TO LAURENCE HOPE

ALL the world of deep desire loves your  
song,

Touched of joy by starlight when the moon hangs  
low;

Filled with all the odors that arise and throng  
All the secret memories delight can know.

Like your bulbul singing when the dusk's in  
bloom

How your music stirs us till our joys make pain —  
Pain the flower of passion's most tender doom,  
Sum of all that life may lose and death may gain.  
For the dreams you gave to music, sure and strong,  
All the world of deep desire loves your song.

First in you the poetess, throned high and  
crowned

In the soul of us who mate a dream to rhyme;  
We who wander strangely in the lure you've wound  
Flowerful 'round the passions you have made  
sublime.

Was there ever poetess since Sappho sang  
Who could match the fever of your pulsing blood?  
Love that drew from the harp of life joy and pang,  
How your playing rose and filled our hearts to  
flood;

We, your singing brothers, now chaunted and found  
First in you the poetess, throned high and crowned.

## THIS IS MY LIFE

TO feed my soul with beauty till I die;  
To give my hands a pleasant task to do;  
To keep my heart forever filled anew  
With dreams and wonders which the days supply;  
To love all conscious living, and thereby  
Respect the brute who renders up its due,  
And know the world as planned is good and  
true —  
And thus — because there chanced to be an *I*!

This is my life since things are as they are:  
One half akin to flowers and the grass:  
The rest a law unto the changeless star.  
And I believe when I shall come to pass  
Within the Door His hand shall hold ajar  
I'll leave no echoing whisper of *Alas!*

## KINGDOMS AND HEIRS

UNDER the round blue sky,  
Over the wide green sea,  
Where the sun-robed hours fly,  
The starred silences flee:

Where birth comes down in song,  
And death goes up in tears —  
Are the kingdoms that belong  
To dreams' uncrownèd heirs.

## TO ROY ROLFE GILSON

YOU asked me out to spend the day with  
you:

How quick it passed across the face of heaven —  
And yet it does not pass from out our hearts;  
But in the valley of our memories  
Stands as a twilight in a valley stands  
Between the day and night — a moveless joy.

## WHITE MAGIC: AN ODE

*Read at the Centenary Celebration of the Birth of  
John Greenleaf Whittier at Faneuil Hall,  
Dec. 17, 1907*

WHITE magic of the silences of snow!  
Over the Northern fields and hills, the  
moon

Spreads her veil o'er the wizardry below;  
Amongst the ruined tree-tops is a croon  
Of the long vanished populace of Spring;

There is a glory here  
Where the lone farmhouse windows, glimmering  
Across the snow-fields, warm the chilly air.  
Peace is upon the valley like a dream  
By Merrimac's swift stream,  
Where his pure presence made the earth so fair.

Time cannot tarnish the glory of the hills:  
Tides cannot wear the immaterial winds  
To outworn voids where no loud echo fills  
The long beach-comber which the sea unbinds;  
The moon shall light the sun ere these things be;

But sooner our glad hearts  
Know not darkness from sunlight on the sea  
Ere from the lips of Memory departs  
Thought or speech unpraiseful of Whittier's life,  
White magic of song and strife —  
Strife for the right — Song for a sake not art's.

In the rough farmhouse of his lowly birth  
The spirit of poetry fired his youthful years;  
No palace was more radiant on earth,  
Than the rude home where simple joys and  
tears

Filled the boy's soul with the human chronicle  
Of lives that touched the soil.

He heard about him voices — and he fell  
To dreams, of the dim past, 'midst his daily toil;  
Romance and legend claimed his Muses' voice  
Till the heroic choice

Of duty led him to the battle's broil.

Song then became a trumpet-blast; he smote  
The arrogance of evil in the State;  
The indignation of his music wrote  
A flaming wrath in councils of debate.  
'Twas passion for the justice of God's word —  
    Man's common heritage  
Fulfilled in the high name of Brotherhood.  
The oracle and prophet of his age,  
He led men doubtful between wrong and right  
    Through Song to see the light,  
And smite the evil power with their rage.

He helped to seal the doom. His hope was peace  
With the great end attained. Beyond his will  
Fate shaped his aims to awful destinies  
Of vengeful justice; — now valley and hill  
Groaned with the roar of onset; near and far  
    The terrible, sad cries  
Of slaughtered men pierced into sun and star;  
Beyond his will the violence — but the prize  
Of Freedom, blood had purchased, won to God  
    His praise that all men trod  
Erect, and clothed in Freedom, 'neath the skies.

Let thanks be ours for this great passion in him;  
And praise be our remembrance of his trust;  
Blessings that no compromise could win him,  
Like Ichabod, to soil his glory in the dust.  
Let ours be, too, his spirit of forgiving:

We can but master fate  
By the sure knowledge of our brothers' living —  
Won by matching his virtues, not his hate.  
Let the white radiance of his Inward Light  
Be to us, step and sight  
Up the steep road of life to Heaven's gate.

## ON REVISITING NEWPORT BEACH

*February 29, 1908*

ONCE more I stand upon these sands, and gaze  
Across the open sea. Five winters' suns  
Divide that other presence of me here,  
When up the windy crescent of this beach  
I walked in rapt communion of farewell.  
I leave the world behind me now — forget  
My late and feverish intercourse with life  
And its mixed motives of the city street:  
Circumstance like a garment I've cast off  
And bring my naked soul for your apparel,  
O sands and waves and unconfined winds!  
O sands! whose separate grains vast worlds con-  
dense;  
O winds! whose wings do beat the discs of suns;  
O mutable and everlasting sea!  
Thou whose being wast mother of time and man —  
I stand before you naked for your dreams  
To clothe my soul with Hope and Strength and  
Light.

## OFF-SHORE

LOOK out across the blue-green sea,  
Look thither where the blue glooms lie —  
Beyond the bourne of mystery,  
Between the sea-rim and the sky.  
Oh look — and look across the deep  
Sundering, indivisible flood —  
Secretive as the doom of sleep  
That falls on man's ancestral blood:

Look out and gaze from vanished eyes  
That longed for home from Tyrian ships;  
Look out from ruined destinies  
That burn behind the blood's eclipse;  
Look from the stare when Adam saw  
God spread Creation at his feet;  
As Moses, when the Stones of Law  
God gave him where the whirlwinds meet:

Look out across the blue-green sea,  
    Look thither where the blue glooms lie —  
There still is Canute's mystery,  
    And mocking Plato's inner eye.  
Oh look with Shakespeare's teeming brain,  
    And look with Voltaire's biting scorn —  
Behold the sudden rush of rain —  
    The miracle's unborn !

**L**ORD of the mystic star-blown gleams  
Whose sweet compassion lifts my dreams;  
Lord of life in the lips of the rose  
That kiss desire; whence Beauty grows;  
Lord of the power inviolate  
That keeps immune thy seas from fate;  
Lord of the indestructible dew  
Fresh, as the night the first rose drew  
Its moisture to her heart and won  
Ease from the first day's burning sun;  
Lord of the pomp a crown endows  
And peoples hail on kingly brows;  
Lord of the beggar's tattered coat,  
A derelict on life's sea a-float;  
Lord of thy blinded children, they —  
Who see no sunlight in the day,  
Nor star-shine in the night — but be  
Dreamless toilers on land and sea;  
Lord, Very God of these works of thine,  
Hear me, I beseech thee, most divine!  
Lord I praise thee, and adore thee  
For thy great works laid before me.  
My prayer-book is thine open air  
Where nature prints thy Laws so clear;

*My altar is the human strife  
Where I take sacraments of life;  
My proof in immortality  
Speaks loud in every blossoming tree.  
Lord, Very God, now lift I my voice  
Thanking thee for that which I rejoice —  
Thy gift of life, be it short or long,  
And with it the great gift of song!*





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